SONGS, DUETS, &c.

IN

Vertumnus and *Pomona*,

A

DRAMATIC PASTORAL,

IN TWO ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

IN

COVENT GARDEN.

LONDON.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VERTUMNUS, - -	Mrs. Kennedy.
SYLVANUS, - -	Mr. Edwin.
CUPID, - - -	Miſs Morris.
CITRONELLA, - -	Mrs. Martyr.
POMONA, - - -	Miſs Harper.

ACT I.

AIR. CUPID.

ALL female volunteers of ſpirit,
That ſlavery and conſtraint deſpiſe,
O come! O come!
At beat of drum,
This golden proffer prize,
Nor fear the juſt reward of merit.

Repair, repair,
Black, brown, and fair,
Attend your captain Cupid's call;
And, as we live,
We'll ſurely give,
The tyrant man a fall.

AIR.

AIR. SYLVANUS.

Prithee, laſſy, do not ſhun me,
Tho' my locks are thin and grey;
Think not age hath quite undone me,
Drain'd my ſpirits quite away.

Many a potent bumper quaffing,
I've withſtood the tyrant's power:
Drinking deep, and often laughing,
Still prolong the youthful hour.

Prithee, &c.

AIR. CUPID.

Ye dying ſwains, where'er you be,
Oppreſs'd by love—and modeſty;
A youth of merit, parts, and face,
Acquaints you all he is out of place.

By certain ſigns he is ſure to tell
The ſecret wiſh of ev'ry belle;
Diſcloſe what prudes will ne'er confeſs,
When frowns give hope, and *no* means *yes*.

Who

Who wants a ſlave thus ſmart and clever,
Come, ſpeak, my maſters, now or never;
You'll find him faithful, quick, and ſteady,
And while it ſuits him—always ready.

AIR. SYLVANUS.

O! come, all lovely as thou art,
Come eaſe my boſom of it's pain;
Or bid me live to gain thy heart,
Or kindly kill me with diſdain.

AIR. POMONA.

Ye Powers, that o'er virgin affections preſide,
Ye that ſwell the young heart, and it's wanderings guide,
Deareſt guardians of peace! from Pomona remove,
All the painfully-pleaſing emotions of love.
Let choiceleſs *indifference* her empire maintain,
Ev'ry tranſport d preſs and all paſſion reſtrain;
'Till my boſom, unruffled, no weakneſs reveal:
If *ſenſe* makes us wretched, ah! why ſhould we feel!

DUET.

VERT. 'Tis not the peach nor fragrant pine,
That tempts my taſte, or charms mine eye;
The purple cluſters from the vine
Are not the fruits I wiſh to buy.

Thy cheeks with nectarine bluſhes ſpread,
Thine eyes that azure plumbs outvie,
Thy lips ſo cherry-ſweet and red;
Theſe are the fruits I wiſh to buy.

POM. A flattering tongue, a wanton ſmile,
A perjur'd oath, a faithleſs ſigh;
Fond looks, that hide an heart of guile,
Are not the coin my fruits to buy.

The cruel frown of fierce diſdain,
The tender drop from pity's eye,
An hour of bliſs, an age of pain —
Theſe are the fruits that I ſhould buy.

AIR.

AIR. VERTUMNUS.

Hark! the ſongſters of the grove
Tune their little throats to love!
Sweetly, ſweetly, how they trill;
Raptures ev'ry boſom fill!

Catch, dear maid, the melting ſtrain,
Let pity move and nature reign;
Nor bluſh, fair creature, to confeſs,
That love is mortals happineſs.

AIR. POMONA.

If each glittering ſpark in the ſky
Were a love-ſuing ſpark at my feet,
I'd all their gay flutter defy;
I'd ſpurn all their ſplendid deceit.

Come pride and diſdain to my aid,
On this breaſt all your influence beſtow;
Sure there's pleaſure in being a maid,
Which none but a maiden can know.

AIR.

AIR. CITRONELLA.

When the fond admirer ſtands profeſt,
In dreſs and manners all his beſt,
He ſoftly ſighs, and looks demurely;
The bleſt one thinks, ſhe knows him ſurely:
Of gallant coxcombs, the completeſt,
The gentleſt, kindeſt, and the ſweeteſt.

No pleaſure ſure can equal this,
If womankind can judge of bliſs:
But ah! beware, deluded maid,
Thy Strephon woos in *maſquerade*.

When the gay deceiver's game is won,
His tricks and tenderneſs are done:
His ſullen head he toſſes proudly,
He ſwears and frowns, and bluſters loudly;
Cries "Stuff and nonſenſe,--pſhaw,--confuſion,
Provoking madam, how you uſe one."

Ah! what a ſudden change is this,
To ſaddeſt care from ſweeteſt bliſs;
Now Strephon is wed, his fortune is made,
He woos no more in maſquerade.

AIR.

A I-R. *(within.)*

Ah! Citronelle,
I love thee well;
The reaſon why, I'm proud to tell;
Thy charms, ſweet belle,
All charms excel,
And, therefore, I love Citronelle.

D U E T.

POM. Blameleſs, prudent, gay, and free!
Maids we are, and maids we'll be.

CITR. Man for ever baniſh we
From our bleſt ſociety.

CITR. Huſbands calling,
Bantlings ſqualling!
Toil and trouble,
Tempers double,
Make a medley ever new.

POM.

POM. Coaxing, teaſing,
Frowning, pleaſing,
Mirth and madneſs,
Sober ſadneſs,
Happy *wives* we leave to you.

END of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

AIR. VERTUMNUS.

HOW bold is the man, but how narrow his ſkill,
Who tries to gain woman by thwarting her will!
Remember, fond ſwain, when a maiden you woo,
What ſhe loves in *herſelf*, ſhe will fancy in you.
To copy *her* manners be ever your plan;
Ape her humours—her paſſions—her tongue, *if you can!*
Aſſume all her fancies, in all their degrees;
And, like me, commence *woman*—if woman you'd pleaſe.

AIR

AIR. SYLVANUS.

Is there any kind nymph that's in want of a
mate,
Come hither, come hither, before 'tis too late:
Any female will ſerve, from the ſaint to the
ſinner,
The more faults ſhe has, the leſs merit ſhould
win her.
And ſhould my kind ſtars a dear partner provide,
That is witty, and pretty, and virtuous beſide;
To ſpeak my mind freely, that woman will be
A wonder I never expected to ſee!

AIR. SYLVANUS.

I'll no more be caught by beauty!
Fickle fair! adieu!
Wine ſhall have a vaſſal's duty,
Wine ſhall find me true.

Heigho!
When the pulſe is low,
'Tis good liquor
Makes it quicker.

Eyes!

Eyes! forbear your fooliſh weeping;
Boſom! ceaſe your rage;
Wine hath charms, that grow with keeping,
And improve with age.

Heigho! &c.

Yet miſtake not, cruel laſſes,
Think not I'll repine;
If *you're* moſt bleſt when at your *glaſſes*,
I'm content with *mine*.

Heigho! &c.

AIR. POMONA.

I fondly thought my pow'r would laſt,
My charms would fix each paſſive ſwain;
But now the little triumph's paſt,
And I muſt all-unbleſt remain:
In vain my ſighs and tears will prove,
For I alas! have loſt my love.

AIR. CITRONELLA.

And ſhall I ſee dear man again?
And ſhall I hear him ſpeak?
The pleaſure flutters in my heart,
And kindles in my cheek.

For there's no joy by night,
And there's no luck by day;
There's little pleaſure in the houſe,
If *man*, dear *man's* away!

My face I'll dreſs in winning ſmiles,
And baniſh frowning pride;
A rich boquet I'll cull with care,
My boſom's *hope* to hide.

For there's no joy, &c.

AIR. DUETTO.

VERT. The ruſhing ſtream ſhall backward glide,
And climb the mountain's lofty ſide:

POM. The moon's pale luſtre ſhall diſplay
The fervour of meridian day:

BOTH. Ere my fix'd heart ſhall faithleſs prove,
And change the object of it's love.

AIR.

AIR. CUPID.

Girls! regard a Cognoſcenti,
And he'll enſure you lovers plenty;
He'll a ſov'reign bloom ſupply,
Shall wrinkles cure, and age defy.

Sell not virgin charms for gold;
Sigh not ſtill for ſomething new:
Let your frowns repulſe the bold;
Let your ſmiles reward the true.

To vice and folly be ſevere,
To honour gen'rous and ſincere.

AIR. VAUDEVIL.

VERTUMNUS.

Ye ſwains! who but live in the ſmiles of the fair,
Let virtue and merit engage all your care;
As you wiſh to be happy, be conſtant and true,
And the nymphs will, with pleaſure, take pattern by you.

SYLVANUS.

To Bacchus too freely my ſervice I've paid,
Till my pennyleſs purſe is as light as my head;

But

But wine I diſcard, ſave three bumpers (at moſt)
To *this* pliant maid *(to Cit.)* whom I ever ſhall
toaſt.

CITRONELLA.

My admirer 'tis true is not vaſtly refin'd,
Not *preciſely* the thing, but the beſt I cou'd find;
And if *young* ones refus'd my affections to claim,
Themſelves they muſt thank—but *I'm* nothing
to blame.

POMONA.

Ye virgins confide not in charms that decay,
Be chearfully wiſe, and be prudently gay;
Be cautious in teaſing a favourite ſwain,
And *keep* by good humour what *beauty* may gain.

CHORUS.

Let not cold unfeeling pride,
Theſe our rural joys deride,
Nor with rigid ſcorn reprove,
Scenes of rapture—ſcenes of love.

FINIS.